The Evening World Daily Magazine

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1920

Gen. Barragan Is Peeved; Ibanez Called Him 'Johnny' Duel May Be the Result

Mexico's Handsomest Man Seeks Revenge

Soldier Who Is Supposed to be Hiding in New York May Even Follow the Great Author to Spain—and then—"Maldicion! Si! Si!

By Martin Green.

GEN. JUAN BARRAGAN, who was Chief of Staff of the army of President Venustiano Carranza of Mexico up to the time when the bearded President was eliminated from Mexican politics, is very indignato at Vincente Blasco Ibanez, the distinguished author of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which is a way of saying that Gen. Barragan is hot under the collar and looking for trouble.

He is supposed to be hiding in New York and from his hiding place he has sent out a word that he yearns combatir enduelo a la muerte with the aforesaid Ibanez, which means that he aspires to meet the novelist on the field of honor and slay him pronto if not sooner.

Senor Ibanez spent six weeks in Mexico last spring and wrote voluminously about what he saw and heard. A prominent figure in Mexican affairs at that time was Gen. Barragan, who is twenty-seven years old and reputed to be the handsomest man in Mexico, if not in the whole world.

It is quite likely that other Carranza Generals will challenge Senor Ibanez to combat to the death on the campo di honra, which is the same thing as the field of honor, as soon as they get out of jail. For it is they who are meant in this passage in one of Senor Ibanez's articles:

> "It would be interesting to find how ex-ambulant milk dealers, venders of dry vegetables or Mexican hats, hungry rural school teachers or mail carriers can accumulate several million dollars in five or six years."

It was told of Senor Ibanez when he was living in New York that he has fought duels in his native Spain. Undoubtedly he will find a way to reply to the challenge of Gen. Barragan. Maybe he will select hot tamales or frijolis as weapons. Senor Ibanez is the possessor of a Latin sense of humor. He could see something funny about the Mexican Army.

Gen. Barragan did not make much of a hit with the observant and sarcastic Senor Ibanez.

It so happened that the Senor did not write out his impressions of Mexico until after his return to the United States. The writings of Senor Ibanez did not get back to Mexico.

"Maldicion!" shouted Gen. Barragan as soon as the purport of the articles penetrated his understanding, which means a large, heartfelt curse.

Senor Ibanez called Gen. Barragan "Juanito," which is the Spanish equivalent for "Johnny," and went on to speak of him as follows:

> "With the bright blue of his uniform and his gold braid he was a dazzling sight. He bought a new uniform every week. He seemed to have just stepped out of a toy box, freshly varnished.
>
> "During the past few years it has been fine business for singers and actresses to go to Mexico. Thanks to the amiable chief of staff an actress could visit Mexico and return to her native land with savings amounting to one or two hundred thousand dollars.
>
> "'Juanito' never said no to any one. He was capable of surrendering Don Venustiano's head if he was asked for it with real insistence.
>
> "I left Mexico City without bidding adieu to the Apollo of the revolution. Poor and amiable boy! I can see now why the Carranza regime collapsed so readily."

Warsaw, Battle-Scarred for 400 Years, Now Engaged in Its 13th Upheaval

By Roger Batchelder.

Is thirteen an unlucky number for Warsaw?

In the past 400 years this stronghold, now the weakening outpost of the civilized world, has been the pawn of nations, has attempted, successfully or unsuccessfully, to stem the tide of the Slavic invasion to the West, has resisted the eastward advance of Prussia and Sweden, and has been racked with the throes of insurrection and revolution. Twelve times, defeated or victorious, she has been in a state of siege, and now the world awaits breathlessly the result of her thirteenth great fight, against the onslaught of the Red Terror.

While Warsaw seems closely linked to Russia, and not far from Petrograd, it is 700 miles from the Russian capital, 400 miles from Berlin, and only 1,000 miles from Paris. On that account the diplomats of Europe regard with grave concern the threats of the Reds to push forward to Berlin, and thence to Paris and London.

The Polish capital had its beginning in the ninth century, when Conrad, a Mezovian Duke, erected a castle on the banks of the Vistula on the present site of the city. Two centuries later the castle was built into a fortress, and from that time on the hundred inhabitants grew steadily until they became the 750,000 of to-day.

From the beginning of the seventeenth century possession of the capital was in constant dispute between the Swedes, Russians, Brandenburgians, Prussians and Austrians. After the union of Poland and Lithuania Charles Augustus of Sweden captured Warsaw, but lost it a year later when the Poles in a bloody encounter overcame his forces. They lost it immediately to Augustus II., and in 1702 Charles XII. of Sweden captured it, only to give it back when peace was signed a year later.

The Russians captured the fortress in 1764 and after its subsequent return took it again in 1794 after the bloody battle of Praga. It was given to Prussia a year later and remained in her hands until its occupancy in 1806 by Napoleon. Three years later the Austrians took possession and in 1813 the Russians again annexed it.

Warsaw's Thirteen Sieges

1. Charles, Augustus, Sweden, 1655, captured.
2. Retaken in 1656.
3. Augustus II., Saxony, 1656, captured.
4. Charles XII., Sweden, 1702, captured.
5. Russia, 1764, captured.
6. Russia, 1794 (following battle of Praga), captured.
7. Napoleon, 1806, occupied.
8. Austria, 1809, captured.
9. Russia, 1813, captured.
10. Insurrection, 1831, captured.
11. Insurrection, 1863, unsuccessful.
12. Insurrection, 1905-1906, unsuccessful.
13. Russia, Reds, 1920.

Old New York as Seen Through Young Eyes

Picturesque Fire Headquarters of City's Historic Volunteer "Smoke-Eaters" Still at No. 10 Jefferson Market

Only 100 Fire Fighters Now Alive—Force Numbered 7,000 in 1865—Furnished Their Own Beds and Clothes.

When Snow Was in Streets the Veterans Pulled "Big Mary" Along Via Sidewalk Trail—Thrilling Rescues in Old Days.

Story and Pictures by Will B. Johnstone.

UP to 1865 New York, now the largest city in the world, was a rube town.

It is hard to believe, but prior to that date the foremost city in America was only protected by volunteer firemen. If you want delightful evidence of this fact, go to old Jefferson Market, Sixth Avenue, just above Eighth Street "L" station, and talk to some of the old survivors of those gallant days. They still have headquarters here in the Market at No. 19 Greenwich Avenue.

"We have these quarters signed up until 1932," said John Carroll, ancient fire eater, "and after that we won't need them. We'll all be dead. Out of the seven thousand volunteer firemen of the old days there are only about one hundred alive to-day." The quarters should be preserved as a museum after 1932, because it is practically that now, containing equipments of the volunteer days—engine, trumpets, red shirts, paintings and photographs of this honorable body of self-sacrificing New Yorkers who gave their time without pay for a most dangerous service.

"Before the paid department was established, in 1865," said Carroll, "we alone gave protection and color to the city. We didn't have uniforms, but we had badges and red shirts and high peg boots of leather. The city was divided into districts and in each district were located firehouses, hose, engine or truck, all separate. There were about fifty men to a company and each had a key to the firehouse. The companies had picturesque names and were numbered in order as they were established. There were 60 engines, 60 hose and 18 trucks."

(Another estimate puts it at 50 engines, 60 hose and 59 trucks. Take your pick.)

"Some of the celebrated names were: Perry Hose Company, Horatio Street; Guardian Engine, No. 29, 42 West 10th Street; Gulick Hose, No. 11, West 10th Street; Columbia Truck, No. 14, No. 96 Charles Street; Valley Forge, No. 46 (steamer), No. 96 Charles Street, and Lafayette, No. 19, 199 Christopher Street, the building still standing.

"It was a great honor to belong to the volunteers. The men took great pride in their different organizations and were ambitious to be 100 per cent. firemen. We were supplied the engines and things by the city. We furnished our beds and clothes.

"We would quit our jobs to respond to alarms, which were sounded by bells located about the city. One bell tower still stands in Mount Morris Park, at 123d Street. Other bells were at Jefferson Market tower, Union Market, Post Office, City Hall tower, Essex Market, also Marion bell, Spring and Prince, one at West 33d Street, 22d Street bell and Spring Street tower. When a bell sounded we would run in the direction of the sound until we found the fire."

Deidrick D. Gale and Fred Kassel of Lafayette, No. 19, then chimed in.

"There was always a race to the fire house when alarms sounded," said Kassel. "You see the first man there had the privilege of being 'roller,' for which he got his name in the company's honor book for each occasion. The roller was the man who guided the tongue of the apparatus, and besides being an honor was easier than having to pull the wagon with the ropes. We didn't have horses or motors then and the machines weighed 1,200 pounds. (Here Fred was disputed by a comrade who claimed "Engine" Big Mary Ann weighed 1,400 pounds). It was hard going in winter snows. When the street was blocked we pulled her along the sidewalks.

"The intense rivalry between companies to get to the fire first was amusing, as we look back to the old days," laughed Gale. "There was a racket at every fire. I will remember cutting off a neighborhood company at a corner once and in the ensuing fight I was hit over the head with a trumpet. I still have the scar on my head."

Kassel smiled and recollected. "Why the boys would be playing dominoes. Then came an alarm. They would be at blows during the fire and later return to their friendly game of dominoes. The worst fire I remember," said Kassel, who is eighty-three years old, "was Allen Haya soap factory at First Avenue between Second and Fourth Streets. This was in 1863. It lasted for two days. The other was Goodwin's cracker factory at the foot of Pike Street.

"A chimney fell there and killed two of our boys. I nearly got it myself. The city did nothing for the families of the dead. The fire escapes on buildings in New York didn't come in until the eighties," Kassel went on. "Our 45-foot ladders took their place. The buildings were mostly three stories high. All the hotels had rope fire escapes coiled in the outside rooms.

"I once rescued a woman and two babies by hanging over the roof and swinging them up from the window. They didn't have a stitch of clothes on. That was down in Baxter street.

"The engines were pumped by hand in our day, but we could maintain a 282-foot stream for the stretch of half an hour."

George S. Brant contributed the information that the volunteers who sometimes slept in the fire houses used the stair banisters for a "greased pole" when they slid down to answer an alarm.

Ezekiel Wray, 81, joined the Volunteers on the 4th of March, 1861, the day of Lincoln's first inauguration. He was with Harry Howard Hose, No. 55, 115 Christopher Street. To show the pride of each organization, Wray told how his outfit paid $750 out of its own pocket to have their fire house made into a brown stone front.

Kassel stated that one Fourth of July his company made 27 runs during the day. "Between fires we shot off a cannon." Some of the old boys recalled how they used to hold annual balls and clambakes, also chowder parties on Saturday night in the fire houses.

Boss Tweed was a foreman and his trumpet is on view at the headquarters.

John J. Gorman was another political light of the old days who served, to say nothing of Sheriff James O'Brien and Richard Croker, and Senator Broderick, shot in California by Judge Terry in '49. Lorenzo Delmonico, who started New Yorkers eating stylishly, was a member of the Volunteers, also Simon Brentano, who, I am informed, founded the famous Fifth Avenue bookstore. James F. Wenman, founder of the Cotton Exchange, who died recently at the age of ninety-five, joined the firemen in 1841. He was a highly respected member, so much so that his associates had his picture done in oils.

The main one at the market is a landmark of Greenwich Village. On the windows its antiquity is indicated: "Association of Exempt Firemen. Organized Oct. 14, 1842."

John Mulligan, 69, A. R. veteran, is President of the Volunteer Firemen's Association. Housed here is the Exempt Association. George Collier President, and the Uniform Company, Daniel L. Mott, Foreman.

The Uniform Company parades every Washington's Birthday, and put a wreath on the statue of Washington in Union Square. Augustus Collier, old time foreman of No. 23, brother of George Collier, whose grandmother was raised in Greenwich Village, is still a fine figure of old stock American manhood.

John H. Harris is the lone survivor of his company. The only inducement, outside of glory, extended to the men who volunteered for fire duty, was a tax exemption of $1,000, freedom from jury and military service.

Although exempt from military duty, the firemen have the glorious record of sending two regiments to the Civil War with the Ellsworth Zouaves, and have "the prettiest monument in Gettysburg" to-day: a fireman in red shirt and boots and helmet standing with a soldier boy in blue.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. Mccardell.

"I'M tired of those people who think bad teeth is the cause of every disease," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "It's the latest fad, and Clara Mudridge-Smith thinks Dr. Gumm, the young dentist who has opened an office in the neighborhood, can, by extracting all her teeth, do more for her than Higher Thought!"

"Well, don't you have anything to do with her getting better acquainted with young Dr. Gilbert Gumm," advised Mr. Jarr. "She's got a husband, and"——

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Mrs. Jarr, with icy insistence. "I'm to be the judge of what is right and proper in the social relations of my friends, IF you please," and she put ninety horsepower emphasis on the "if."

"Well, I don't want to start anything," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "I only know that your Dr. Gumm is a torturer!"——

"MY Dr. Gumm?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Why, I only met the man when you introduced him to me. And, Clara Mudridge-Smith happening to come along, I introduced him to her, and she afterward remarked to me that she thought him so interesting and so cultured and so distangay—and then you accuse me of conniving at clandestine meetings and—and—and I don't know what!" And Mrs. Jarr began to "pipe her eye," as the sailors say.

"You bet you don't know what!" retorted Mr. Jarr hotly. "I never said anything about any clandestine meetings. All I said was that I thought you'd better have nothing to do with getting them better acquainted."

"Well, who began it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure I just happened to say Clara Mudridge-Smith thought Dr. Gumm was very interesting. She's taken up teeth extracting for neuritis and eugenics and social reforms, and is reading all the books that should be suppressed.

"Although, and I know it just as well as I know I'm sitting here," Mrs. Jarr went on, "Clara Mudridge-Smith has only taken up those sort of things because it is very fashionable now to discuss unpleasant topics.

"Time was, Clara says, when one would have been afraid even to think of thinking about such things, but now if one is not fully conversant with the most dreadful things one is regarded as not being at all cultured or refined."

"I think most women of these times are crazy," remarked Mr. Jarr. "So when that's said the most charitable thing is said, and we won't discuss them or their discussions."

"Perhaps you are right," remarked Mrs. Jarr, with a sigh; "poor old Mrs. Dusenberry thinks the world is coming to an end, but I think all these faddists are using the silly women like Clara Mudridge-Smith simply to extort money from them."

"Why, as soon as Dr. Gumm heard Clara declare she was a member of The Modern Mothers, he told her that bad teeth were responsible for present day social unrest. 'It's bad teeth makes Bolshevism,' he said."

"Why?" asked Mr. Jarr in surprise.

"He said bad teeth caused indigestion, indigestion created peevishness, peevishness prevented men and women from taking a broad view of life and, not having a broad view of life, they rebelled," Mrs. Jarr explained. "So, Dr. Gumm said women should bring pressure to bear on the Legislature to pass laws compelling everybody to have their teeth attended to, especially women. Not having their teeth attended to, women got indigestion, having indigestion made them peevish"——

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Mr. Jarr. "You said all that before! All women should have their teeth pulled, then their mouths will be so sore"—— But he was afraid to go further.

SUMMER GIRLS OF 1920

Diagnosed From a Dicky-Boy's Diary

No. 4.—The Fishing Girl!

WE all know her. We see her everywhere as soon as the season opens. And from the tips of her tiny toes to the sparkling waves of her shining hair, we admire her—and sometimes fall in love with her.

She is always at the beaches, always by the languid summer lakes of the mountains, and sometimes, strange as it may seem, in woodland nooks and corners where there is not even a brook in which to practice her art.

For the fishing girl does not seek alone the dwellers of the blue sea, the limpid lake or the purling brook. Some say that that is only pretense, only her pose. Her real aim is to fish for the hearts of men, with well-baited hook to catch them, and land them, struggling, at her feet, where she can look upon them with pity and disdain, and wonder how they could be foolish enough to be ensnared by her irresistible lure. Then, indeed, is she happy and content.

Her bait comes not from the fisherman's can of worms or from his pail of gleaming fish or from his book of flies. Her bait is her own heart, and the golden hair, the beckoning lips and the bewitching eyes are only the spoons which lure the unwary to her line.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1920

PAPER CLOTHING

BY NEAL R. O'HARA

The Classy Tailors Can Issue the Latest Editions Instead of the Latest Styles; You Don't Send Your Suit to the Tailor So Long as You Have a Rubber Eraser.

PAPER shoes and paper Panama hats have been an enormous hit this season. Now we've going to have paper suits. The Government already has a couple of quires of the latest styles being sent over here from London. The idea is to spread a few woodpulp togs among the natty dressers and in no time at all the whole nation will wear 'em. The House of Kippystyler will soon be using more paper than Congress, and Start, Shuffling and March will start buying up forests. And the woodpulp suit should be a success. We've had paper suit cases for twenty years—why not branch out and have paper suits, too?

Pretty soon they'll be running off fabrics from printing presses with the colored supplements for fancy vests. A guy can then have a suit of the same material as his pawn ticket. A tailor will get a shipment of cigarette papers and announce to the trade he's got all the makings. A suit made of newspapers will always have the press in it, anyway. And you can get a snappy raincoat from a roll of tar paper. The London idea smells like a success!

There's a whopping advantage in paper suits. The classy tailors can issue the latest editions instead of the latest styles. Material will be all woodpulp and a yard wide, with a vellum finish and scented, too. You don't send your suit to the cleanser so long as you have a rubber eraser, and a rich guy can undress with a paper cutter. A man can also wear a paper napkin for a vest, although lots of guys are doing that now. Only one drawback appears on the surface—when all the world uses paper suitings there'll be no more fire sales of men's and boys' clothes.

The fad may even spread to the fair sex, which wouldn't be a bad idea. But if women ever made skirts out of woodpulp there'll be a paper shortage always in sight. When the dames step into the foolscap garments you'll see one fine bunch of paper dolls. And the chances aren't so slim as they look, mates—not when you give the matter thought. They're already wearing envelope chemises, paper dresses are a short step from those.

As soon as paper outfits arrive for the chickens you can count on a nifty surprise or two. We'll see flappers clad in tissue paper and the chorus girls will wear fancy confetti. The dames will have paper wrappers for household wear and soap wrappers, of course, for taking a bath. And they'll have scratch paper for winter flannels, which figures out as a neat idea. And it isn't outside the realm of reason to have blotting paper for babies' clothes.

All the High-Toned Flappers Will Be Draped in Final Editions.

If they can turn out an evening paper for three cents a copy they can make evening gowns for the same price too. A dame's ballroom dress would be no different from an evening paper so long as the front part left plenty of room for makeup and the back page of the gown showed one spinal column. The wall flowers could wear dresses made out of wall paper, and the dead ones, of course, would wear crepe.

And that's the scope of the paper suit fad. It sounds fantastic when you think it over, but so did fig leaves when they were in vogue. And here's one sure tip for the book. The wooden kimono is only a joke now, but the woodpulp kimono will soon be here.

THE WIFE OF ALL TRADES

By Sophie Irene Loeb

A MAN from Missouri has appealed to the New York police to help him find his wife who disappeared last March.

This man describes his wife as a "neat dresser and a hard worker and may be employed as saleswoman, milliner, telephone operator, cashier, beauty specialist, confection maker, piano player, or possibly some other work."

Small wonder that woman left. If this wife did all these things, she was a much overworked woman.

If this man expected that his wife might be found in any one of these trades, then she must have worked long enough at them to have given her sufficient practice to earn money at any of them.

As she was only twenty-six, according to his description, some of these various kinds of work must have been done during the time she was married.

What a tired woman she must be! Doubtless there came a day when she was so weary of work that she "silently stole away."

Perhaps if this husband had not permitted her to engage in all of these activities, he might not be searching for her now.

Methinks it must have been a case of "all work and no play," and Jill became tired of the grind, as happens in the best regulated families.

I have known women like this, who have gone on day after day, month after month, year after year, working at this, that, and the other thing in an effort to help husbands, little realizing what they were losing in the process. And the husband has been blind to the cost.

Some women will never stop doing as long as they are permitted to do. Many a husband has lost a good wife because he has not put a stop to it. He has allowed her to be too much helpmate and not enough playmate.

If some men's real Want Ads. could be printed right out of their thoughts they would read something like this: "Wanted—Wife who can cook, sew, clean house, take care of children, cut grass, hang wall paper, help me earn a living, and love me. She must be sweet, kind and have no temper, never forgetting the deference due me as the head of the house. For this I am willing to pay her handsomely by letting her bear my name."

It happens that such men do get wives, but they don't keep them—not forever. They may use all the elusive bait during the courtship period, but what is expected of the wife is discovered by her sooner or later.

If she has the courage she leaves when she has no children. But woe to her when mother-love creeps in, and she must bear the burden for a protracted period.

The day is gone when a man can hold a woman under these circumstances.

The world is wide and opportunity is open to her.

With her grandmother it was different. What was expected of her by her lord and master she did. Cheerfully, if she loved him, and under protest if she didn't. But she rarely left. There was no escape. He was the bread-winner.

To-day she can do the same. Therefore no man can hope to hold a woman if she must do too much of the bread-winning to keep things going in their domicile.

The man who would keep his wife must not permit her to be the wife of all trades, but rather the wife of his heart and home, and the mother of his children.

This is "trade" enough in most